

renewing their favorite game of football? Don't you see the massive formations of birds flying south? Don't you feel the harshness of the chilled breeze as it sweeps around the corner? Don't you see the broken rainbows as they fall rustling to their winter bed? And don't you hear Elmer's soft feet pattering over the blanketed earth, and don't you see his cute little pug-face peeking around the corner of the porch? Don't you see him? He sees you and with the slightest invitation he barges into the welcoming warmth of a cozy living room of early fall.

With the passing of each week, Elmer's hair grows longer and the stubbornness of his summer hair cut decreases. His new hair which did not suffer from the bleach of the summer sun, is as red as before, although now it is a deeper shade which

lacks the richness of his former coat. Elmer's eyes still sparkle for there is no weather or circumstance capable of dimming his proudest possession. And Elmer is gay — he shows it in every move he makes. If he's not on the football field with the other boys, he's browsing around an open fire where the girls are toasting weiners and marshmallows. He's in for everything — that versatile Elmer.

But now it's evening — the evening of a typical fall day. Elmer's been out playing all day — he should be tired. Say, where is he anyway? I'd better see — I thought surely he came inside when I called him. Oh, there he is stretched before the blazing fire on the hearth. There lies Elmer, the pride and joy of our family, as he enters the final stage in his cycle of evolution.

Three Reasons Why

TED LEMASTER

The United States is a great nation not because of its natural water ways, acres of timber, acres of wheat, corn, oats, rye, mines of iron, coal, copper, tin. It is the people who man the water ways, level the trees and run the mills, sow the crops and reap the harvest, operate the mines who make the United States so great a nation. The people of the United States have made this a nation to be proud of because they have kept it growing, kept fighting, and kept the spirit of competition alive.

Since the first Continental Congress this country has grown. It was a determined people who made this country grow from coast to coast. It was a determined people who pushed back the halls of learning from the little red school house to the halls of Johns Hopkins, Chicago University,

Harvard, and many other fine colleges and universities. Americans have grown and continue to grow in the development of chemistry, aeronautics, agriculture, electricity, radio, political science, as well as many other fields. Americans are for the most part a race of people that likes to know all the answers. Insignificant as it may seem the popularity of quiz programs is indicative of this trait.

Americans are a fighting people, but not in the crude Hitleristic style. They, on the other hand, fight a war among themselves. This war is fought in all fields of athletic competition. It is fought in the schools, in business, in every walk of our American life that offers competition. It is not a war of the Hitler kind profiting only blood, sweat, and tears. It is a war of the blood-

less kind profiting knowledge, sportsmanship, and achievement.

Americans are great lovers of achievement and record setters. It is a concern of almost every American whether or not Whirlaway's winnings can be surpassed, or if any one will be able to pass DiMaggio's consecutive hitting record, or will Joe Louis, as well as his record, ever be beaten. Thousands of dollars are spent annually for the editing of magazines giving the records of baseball teams, football teams, hockey teams, races automotive and horse, track men, and golfers. Americans admire the best and continually strive to better the records of those who have gone before.

The competitive spirit, kept within the bounds of fairness, has been a large factor in the progress of American science and business. The present conflict is an example of competition out of bounds. The war, regardless of its disadvantages, will give the survivors many new and beneficial scientific discoveries. American manufacturers do everything within their power to supply the public with articles a little better, a little more efficient than their competitors.

When the United States stops growing, stops fighting, or loses its competitive spirit, the Old World will have conquered the New.

A Disruption in The Family

MARJORIE L. SWARTZ

Flavius Germaine cocked his short, little leg over his knee, loosened his yellow polka-dotted tie, leaned back in his chair, and prepared to read the market reports. He tried to concentrate on the rise and fall of stocks, but the bang of a piano and wild shriek of a clarinet distracted his poor, befuddled brain. The noise ceased; within two seconds he heard the pad, pad of two pairs of rubber soles on the hardwood floor.

"Hi ya, Pop! Whatcha know? How about the kid and me usin' the buggy tomorrow? There is gonna be a battle royal when Pembroke High meets Whistle-ville. I'll bet we mow 'em down." He illustrated by picking up his clarinet and playing a bit of taps in boogie-woogie rhythm.

"Philo Germaine, don't call me a kid. You know very well that I am only one year, four months, three days, and two and one quarter hours younger than you,"

screamed Ophelia, as she tugged at her hip length sweater and furiously kicked at the dog's ball with the toe of her dirty saddle shoe. It was a perfect connection. The ball sailed across the room, hitting Flavius squarely on the nose.

Poor Flavius, his already jangled nerves began to jingle. He jumped to his feet and, waving his paper in the air, cried, "What kind of a place is this? I come home to get some peace and quiet, but what do I get? A couple of youngsters tearing around as if they are maniacs. Stop arguing and speak English." He rubbed his little round nose that had now taken on the hue of an over-ripe tomato and then proceeded, "What do you want?"

"We don't want very much. We just want to use the car tomorrow to go to the football game."

"You want to use the car tomorrow?" Flavius fairly yelled at them. "Do you